Lutheran Herald

December 20, 1960 • Vol. 44 • No. 51

ALLELUIA ALLELUIA ALLELUIA

PACIFIC LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
THE LIBRARY

She held him up against the sky,
She heard his infant, new-born cry,
And melody became a part
Of Christmas joy in Mary's heart.
Throughout the years her gentle song
Has echoed, swelled, and lingered long,
While thousand hallelujahs ring
In great crescendos to the King.
With joy she heard his new-born cry,
She held him up against the sky!

The Most Significant Birth in History

A Christmas Meditation by Alvin N. Rogness

There is no period quite so tender and lovely as the weeks immediately before the birth of a child. Then, if ever, husband and wife have hearts that beat as one. Hope mingles with fear; joy is poised against apprehension; and the spirit is at its gentlest and most sensitive pitch.

Throughout the Christian world the mood of expectancy once again prefaces the birth of Jesus. Christmas is just around the corner. Throughout more than nineteen hundred years the world has prepared, as now, to celebrate the most significant birth in all history. This was the Child whom the prophets foretold, whom the angelic hosts heralded, whom the shepherd and the Wise Men came to see, and to whom mankind has since bowed in homage as to none other. The birth of this child left history in two, so that every date before and after now bears the label B.C. or A.D.

How easily man stumbles over the lesser miracles and fails to see that in Christmas he confronts the Himalayas of wonders. The major premise of Christmas is that the eternal God, who made the heavens and the earth, has become incarnate in this laboring man of a despised people. How strange that in coming to earth, God should have elected to appear in the form of one who would be scorned and rejected and at last s fully crucified on a cross.

The alternative to this is equally perplexing. birth in Bethlehem were but another ordinary and the matchless life of Jesus merely another i long parade of human idealists, how will we e away nineteen hundred years of Christendom, a which has unloosed unparalleled resources for h betterment throughout these centuries? To int this in human terms or naturalistic phenomena absurd and incredible as to assert that Jesus was Absurd or not, millions of people in all gener have confessed the faith of the poet's words:

I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe
Could in the Godhead be.
I only know the Manger Child
Has brought God's life to me.

Thirty-three years after this Bethlehem night, stood before Pontius Pilate in the Roman judg hall. Pilate asked Him, "Art thou a king then?" reply was the answer of a madman or God: Yes, a king; but my kingdom is not of this world. But

In this issue . . .

The Most Significant Birth in History 2
Dr. Alvin N. Rogness is the president of Luther Theological Seminary at St. Paul, Minn.

The Shepherd's Soliloquy 4
The Rev. E. Kenneth Hanson is pastor of Christ the King Lutheran Church at Iowa City, Iowa.

Christmas in the Heart 6
Winter may be cold and Spring a long time coming. But this was Christmas and its true joy was born again in the heart.

Bethlehem in Hollywood 10
The story of the outdoor Christmas pageant given each year by Emmanuel Lutheran Church of North Hollywood

Christmas in Poetry 12

The Home of Silent Night 14
A picture story that tells about the home of **Silent Night**, the world's best known Christmas carol.

Editorial 16

The 'King' Is Restored 18
Mr. Jerry Evenrud is organist and choir master at Grace Church, Eau Claire, Wis.

Karl Olsson: Nativity 19

For the Family Altar 20

Correspondence 21

The Church in Today's World 22

Among Lutherans 23

Within the ELC 24

Lutheran Her

Editor: O. G. M
Associate Editor: WILLIAM H.
Assistant Editor: MELVA

Official organ of The Evangelical Lutheran Published weekly by Augsburg Publishing 426 S. 5th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minn. R E. Haugan, General Manager; Albert E. Ar Circulation Manager. Subscription price, States and Canada, per year $3.00. Secon postage paid at Minneapolis, Minn. Printed United States of America by Augsburg Pub House, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Copyright © 1960. Augsburg Publishing All rights reserved.

ing. To this end have I been born, and to this end I come into the world.

Year after year you and I have taken Christmas quite our strides. Its totally unique and preposterous origin likely to escape us. Try transporting yourself back Jerusalem. Imagine that you are hearing for the st time this claim of a quiet peasant from a northern lage. He declares that He is God, the King of all ngs, the Lord of all lords. To Pilate it sounded like simpleton's drivel; to the high priest it seemed sheer sphemy. To stop Him from stirring up the rabble o some new folly, they quietly put Him to death.

A Haunting Reincarnation

By all standards of statesmanship the matter should ve stopped there. In modern times a gas chamber or Siberian exile puts an end to fanatics. But the king-ip of Christ did not burst as a bubble at three o'clock at Friday on Golgotha's hill. An Easter resurrection d a Pentecost rocketed His claim out into the years. nd today, although we live in a space age, the claim Christ to rulership is as tormenting and tantalizing it ever was. The years have not been able to shake im. He constantly intrudes His claim into your heart d mine. If we disavow Him, we are left haunted by a nse of emptiness or of shame worse than if we had mpled upon our flag. It is nothing short of horror have someone from centuries ago keep reappearing, if in continuous reincarnation, pressing His totali-ian claims upon every generation. It would be horror it were any other than Jesus—if it were Alexander Nero or Genghis Khan, or Hitler. But Jesus comes near to "the heart's desire" of every man and woman no loves the truth, that His intrusion touches the long-gs and the yearnings of humankind. It is not horrible t beautiful to have "the hopes and fears of all the ars" converging in the streets of Bethlehem.

As we ponder Christ's claim to kingship, let us fix arly in our minds what such rulership implies. A an becomes a president by election; he becomes a dic-or by revolution; but a king is king by birth. Christ's lership of earth is not conditioned upon a majority te. If every person on earth these nineteen hundred ars should have disclaimed Him, that would not ect in the least the validity of His claim. If we should lay vote unanimously that the sun should no longer be e sun, the sun would continue to shine as tranquilly er our vote as before. If we should all agree that here-er two plus two should equal five and not four, our reement notwithstanding, two plus two would go on ualling four. We do not change truth; truth changes depending on whether we adhere to it or not. hether we adore Christ or despise Him does not ange His status. It is our own status that is changed. To disobey this King does not dethrone the King; it only makes the dethroner a rebel. If all the world should plunge on in its selfish and chaotic way, heedless of Christ its King, the world could at last lie in utter ruin, all life destroyed, but Christ would remain as much a King as ever. We who make presidents and governors and senators by our vote can well remember that our franchise does not extend to the heavens. Christ remains the King of the nations, whatever course the nations may take.

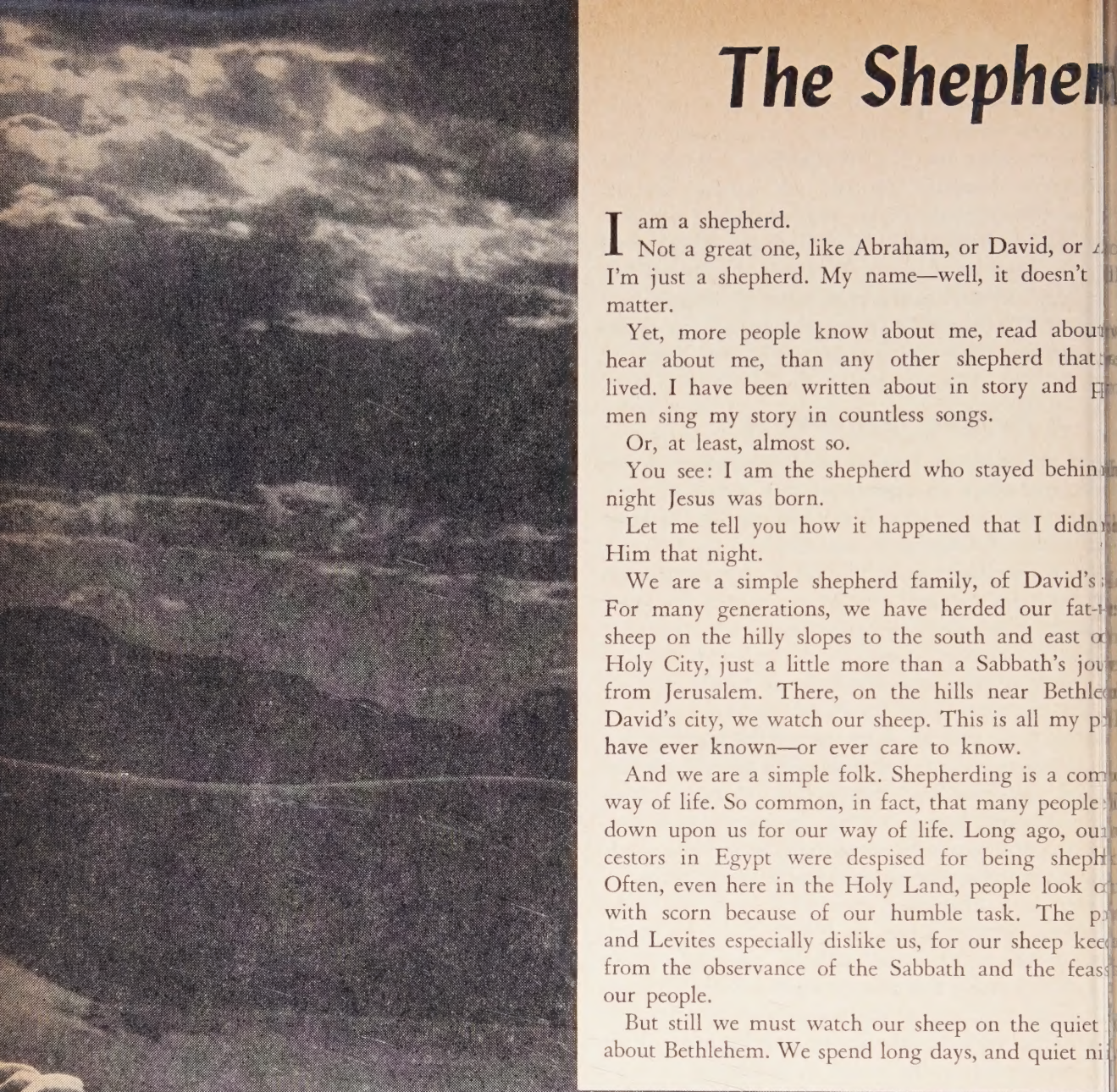
If He should deign to offer any credentials, which obviously He need not do, the use that He makes of His power ought to reassure us. He used His limitless power to go to a cross for the sins of the world. Most of us misunderstand the inner nature of power. We imagine that to the degree that we possess power, to that degree can we become independent, and in this independence separate ourselves from others. The precise contrary is the case. If you are strong, your strength is for others to lean on. The fact that you have strength puts you in debt to everyone who is weak. You think that your strength will enable you to shake yourself free from everything weak. Instead, your very power entitles the powerless to cling to you as chips of iron to a magnet. It entitles life's structure to rest on you as on a pillar. If you refuse to let your power be used as a pillar or girder for others to rest upon, you violate the intrinsic nature and purpose of power. To whom much is given, of him shall much be required. On him who is strong all others must depend. Christ claimed all power in heaven and earth, and He went unflinchingly on to the inevitable consequence of wielding such power. He who was King of all became the Servant and Savior of all. The cross becomes His unmistakable claim to the crown.

Past, Present and Future

He came to this earth a child in a Bethlehem stable. He grew up in the home of a carpenter. He taught under the open sky along the shore of a lake. People heard him gladly because His words carried the authority of truth and of love. It took a resurrection and the outpouring of the Spirit to open their eyes to His power and glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father. But their eyes once opened, they became the tireless apostles of the glad good news. God had visited His people with salvation!

Christmas becomes at once past, present and future. He who came to redeem the world is with us still, entering hearts that will open to Him to bestow strange comfort and courage, moving quietly through time and powerfully through the events of history. And at last He will come in glory to give humanity a new heaven and a new earth.

The Shepher



I am a shepherd.

Not a great one, like Abraham, or David, or A
I'm just a shepherd. My name—well, it doesn't
matter.

Yet, more people know about me, read about
hear about me, than any other shepherd that
lived. I have been written about in story and p
men sing my story in countless songs.

Or, at least, almost so.

You see: I am the shepherd who stayed behin
night Jesus was born.

Let me tell you how it happened that I didn
Him that night.

We are a simple shepherd family, of David's
For many generations, we have herded our fat-
sheep on the hilly slopes to the south and east o
Holy City, just a little more than a Sabbath's jou
from Jerusalem. There, on the hills near Bethle
David's city, we watch our sheep. This is all my p
have ever known—or ever care to know.

And we are a simple folk. Shepherding is a com
way of life. So common, in fact, that many people
down upon us for our way of life. Long ago, ou
cestors in Egypt were despised for being sheph
Often, even here in the Holy Land, people look o
with scorn because of our humble task. The p
and Levites especially dislike us, for our sheep kee
from the observance of the Sabbath and the feas
our people.

But still we must watch our sheep on the quiet
about Bethlehem. We spend long days, and quiet ni

líloquy

By E. Kenneth Hanson

ith our sheep. That is, most of them are quiet, but ere come nights that are filled with excitement, as at one night some years ago.

It all began when a herald, speaking in the name of e Caesar, announced that there was to be a census, d a tax, for all people. And everyone would have to to the town of his ancestors. For many weeks after at, things were not the same around Bethlehem. Every- e wanted to sell his goods or his services at the high- possible price. And at last, the time came. But our es had been changed very little, for we only had so any sheep to offer. So, we continued to watch our eep, as always.

Until one night, at the very time of the census, some- ing happened. Some one far greater than a herald of aesar appeared, to stir up even more excitement than aesar had. The night was quiet, clear and chill. We ere watching the sheep on a hill that overlooked Beth- hem, taking turns trying to catch a little sleep. When, ddenly, the sky lit up and it became as bright as day. e all stood still, filled with fear. When our eyes be- me used to the light, we saw its source: an angel vering in the heavens.

Far more glorious than the sight we saw were the unds we heard. For the angel said: "Fear not, for hold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which all be to all people, for unto you is born this day in e city of David a savior, who is Christ the Lord." nd the angel gave instructions on how to find the by: "You shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling ths, lying in a manger."

Immediately, the angel was joined by an unnumbered st of angels, singing so beautifully: "Glory to God in e highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

As suddenly as it began, it was all over. The night as quiet, clear and chill again. We stood dumb—even e sheep. At last, some asked if it were really so. Had e others seen it also? Could all dream the same dream? was it really a vision from God?

And some one suggested, why not see if it is so? t who would go? Every one wanted to go, but who en would watch the sheep? Some had to stay. Then, thought some could go as a delegation, but all nted to be a part of it. Somehow, I'll never know t how, I alone was chosen to remain behind.

comforted myself with the thought of the sheep. rely they were of far greater value than a baby, and vas watching them, while my brothers were off chas- a dream. It probably was only a dream, anyway, and then I would have it over the dreamers. The minutes wore on, and turned into hours. Time dragged. I was sure the dawn would beat my fellow shepherds. But even a new day is always a comfort.

When they returned, all consolation left me. It was so! They had found Him. And shepherds of many years now thought more of a little child than of their own sheep. I longed to see Him, too. But no, said the others, for the child is so young, and the mother is exhausted, I dared not bother them that night.

That is why I did not see Him the night He was born.

Nor did I see Him in the nights to come. The next day was so busy with the labors of our shepherding, I did not get to go. And the next night, after such long and exciting hours, it was all I could do to lie down and sleep. But on the morrow, I would see Him.

The next day, I could not find Him. I knew Bethlehem well, for we were not many in David's town, but the crowds added so to the confusion. At the stable where they saw Him, I looked in vain. He was no longer there. The innkeeper did not know where He was: at the home of friends of His parents? At another inn? I looked, and I asked. At last, I found the place where He was staying. But He was not there. It was one week since that stirring night, and His mother and father, devout Jews, had taken Him to Jerusalem to have Him circumcised.

Soon, I had lost all interest in seeing the child. I still wanted to see Him, but I felt I had waited too long.

Yet, the interest was easily revived when some wise men came from the East, to see the child and bring Him gifts. I, too, would go, and give Him a little lamb. So I started out one night to find Him, a little lamb under my arm. I had heard of the inn where He was staying, and I knew where to find Him.

Before I got to the inn, the town was filled with soldiers of Herod the king. They had murder in their eyes as they went from home to home, looking for something. Frightened, I returned to the safety of the sheep and the shepherds in the fields, forgetting about the visit to the young child.

The news spread quickly, that very night. Herod, too, had been looking for the child, to kill Him. Men had been saying that the child was a king, and never was a monarch more jealous of his throne than Herod.

I returned, another night, to the place where He had been staying, and asked. The master of the house looked at me with a strange look of fear and hatred combined. They were gone! Gone? Where? Jerusalem? Nazareth? They were gone! And the master of the house turned away. I knew then Herod had succeeded in his devilish plot, the little child had been killed.

Now I was almost glad. I no longer had the nagging

(Continued on page 10)

Christmas in the Heart

By Ruth Lerdal Cumm

Under bleak, gray clouds the South Dakota farmyard lay, natural and tranquil in the clear Winter air. A thin line of smoke curled from the house chimney while across the way the windmill droned high above the half-frozen water of the cattle tank. In the back of the yard chickens cackled and crowed in the hen house and corn cribs stood almost empty of corn. It was the year 1932 when both drought and depression lay like two great dead hands over the land.

Eric Olson closed the barn door and stood for a long moment facing those empty cribs. Tired of body and weary in spirit he stood, a blue denim figure silhouetted against the deep red of the barn. Slowly, almost methodically he turned his gaze far out to the fields. After June the corn had browned, later the hot South winds had taken their toll. In Autumn the dry stalks had crackled under horses' hoofs and wagon wheels. Some ears were undeveloped while others were only nubbins, which barely sounded as they hit the bang boards. After long hours of picking the golden ears had scarcely shown above the green of the wagon box. He had held the reins in his hands as the horses plodded homeward and he had wondered, was it only the crops and prices or was it him? How long could a man lose money and still keep farming? Were the answers concealed somewhere under those stalks, now bowed by winds and darkened by frost, desolate and forgotten against the gray of the morning sky.

Eric looked up from the fields, toward the long wooden gate separating them from the yard. His eyes fell on the oats bundles tied to the posts. Sparrows were picking their Christmas dinner within the tiny hulls. From the harvest fields last Summer a few shocks of grain had been carefully stored in the barn. For the Yule Tide season, in the tradition of his Fathers, Eric had given the bundles to the birds. To Eric, Norway was six thousand miles distant and forty years ago but still, a bit of it stood only a few feet away. Another sparrow fluttered amid the grain. He could give Christmas to the birds but not to his own family. At nine cents a bushel oats was a gift any farmer could afford. Eric clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth and turned toward home.

He scraped his shoes before entering the house. Inside the vestibule he took out his dollar watch. Why, it was almost nine o'clock. He could see the women folks through the window as they went about their morning's work. He opened the door and the s of home baked bread greeted him. Without wond or knowing just why he stood for a moment. He c hear the ticking of the clock along with the stea of the teakettle. The dishes lined on the pantry sh the cupboard which stretched from ceiling to floor drain and the cistern pump, nothing here had cha for years. Yet, it was not the presence of old fam things which Eric wondered about but the absen something, something not made of wood, iro earthenware.

Eric took off his cap and scratched his bald "Funny," he thought to himself as he threw his sw and jacket behind the stove, "Funny the women a talking about Christmas or planning for it! Have forgotten that this is Christmas Eve Day?" He lo over at his wife, Anna, "Queer, how a man lived a woman years on end, and only once in a great w did he ever really look at her. . . ." Even her f calico and old shoes did not betray her years, decided. Only her hands did that. They showed marks of scrubbing floors, scalding laundry water hanging out clothes in freezing weather. Their e married life had been spent on this farm and after all these years, he had so little to offer his fa He must indeed be a failure.

How was he to know that Mother Olson was th ing of the years also? She looked wistfully at her daughters and her husband. She would have no bag candy, oranges and nuts for them this Christmas. T would be no gifts at all. But how far could a Mot love go without money? In the past each Christmas meant laughter, songs and presents around the She roused herself from her thoughts and pushed coffee pot over to the front of the stove to heat Eric.

In the pantry Ellen gave the dishtowel another sw The girl was sixteen with blonde hair, blue eyes long lashes. She was wondering if Christmas wit the thrill of receiving or the expense of giving all a part of growing up. She stared somberly out of pantry window. If only she had just one new thing Christmas, just one. "At least it could snow," she c plained as she rattled cups and saucers. "Don't wish it would snow, Nora?"

Nora sat by the east window, thinking how her m matched the bleakness of the day. She was the o

ter and she shared the three east rooms downstairs in
: big house with her husband, Bob. They had been
arried in June. With herself in the early stages of
egnancy and Bob without work the young wife won-
red how anyone could look forward to Christmas.
would be prettier if it would snow," she agreed with
len. "I wonder where Bob is?"

Mother Olson kept wiping the cupboard shelves.
ey needed new oilcloth she knew. She was glad she
uld close the doors on such worn out stuff.

Eric didn't sit down to the second breakfast, which
on the table for him. He looked about once more.
e fire crackled up the pipe and the smell of fresh
ad was still there. He took the basin from the sink,
ured water into it from the steaming kettle and
oled it with water from the pump. "Vell," he said,
d when he talked there was a trace of the Norwegian,
ich he had learned years ago in his native land.
ell," he said, "Ain't you lady folks going into town?"

Mother Olson looked up from her dishpan, Nora
ned from the window and Ellen came out of the
ntry. There was a little silence and then the Mother
oke. "Why, no, Eric, we haven't any money, why
ould we go to town?"

Eric dried his hands on his towel. It was then that
gave them the money. He unsnapped his dark, cloth
cketbook. "Here," he said, "is a dollar for each of
u. You can go to town on that."

"Oh goodie!" Ellen cried, and her eyes danced. Now she could buy something really new. "Thanks a lot, Papa."

"Oh yes, thanks, Pa," Nora said. "Say, do you know where Bob is?"

"No," Eric replied as he sat down to the table. "I don't know where he is." The older man reflected a bit on his new son-in-law. It was too bad that a young fellow couldn't find work. It was so different when he was young. Bob was likable too, and a good worker.

Nora left to go to her own rooms. "I'll be ready soon, Mother," she called back. "I'll find Bob and then we can go."

"Don't you want to go with us?" Mother Olson asked as she poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down to the table.

"No, guess not," Eric answered.

"Mother!" cried Nora rushing into the kitchen, "I can't find Bob. Where do you suppose he is?"

The work was soon finished. Everyone was ready but still no Bob appeared. The three women finally went off to town without him.

Outside by the barn Eric watched his '27 Pontiac as it headed east toward Sioux Falls. Once more he unsnapped his pocketbook. One side held a precious five dollar bill while the other side was empty. Would five dollars last until the next cream check? He was glad though that the ladies could go. They should have a change from this drab existence. Women always paid more attention to the gifts and ornaments of Christmas. The trip would satisfy their yearning for the sights, sounds and smells of the Yule Tide. However, doubt began to enter his mind as dusk crept over the quiet farm land and nestled about the old buildings. Eric thought of Christmas more and more. In the vestibule he took his lantern from its hook and remembered when the girls were small, two or three of the oldest ones were always out to greet him on this night of nights.

"Hurry, Papa," one would say. "Mom's got supper all ready." Another would hug his leg with her chubby little arms. "Papa, aren't you ever coming in? The

presents are stacked so high under the tree that I told Mama that they are taller than me."

Because of the heavy morning chores, it had always been the family tradition to open the gifts on Christmas Eve, but tonight there was no one to hurry him. Anna and Ellen were home and packing groceries in the cupboard.

"Hi, Papa," Ellen greeted him cheerily. "Are you ready to start milking?" When only a child Ellen had been her Daddy's girl, and now that she was older it was she who helped Eric with the chores, shocked grain with him in the harvest fields, and husked corn beside him in the Fall.

Tonight her eyes were starry and her thoughts far away. She had only bought a new piece of sheet music with her money and had given the rest to her Mother for groceries. There was so much beauty in giving and Ellen did so love beauty. She was thinking so of the carols she had heard in town that she scarcely heard her Father when he spoke.

"Yeah," Eric said, "I'm just about ready to start milking." He struck a match on the iron of the stove and lit the wick of the lantern. His gift money had gone for groceries he knew.

Mother Olson had honestly never considered buying herself something with her dollar. Instead she absorbed the sounds of hurrying people on the streets and the songs of carolers. She marveled at the decorations as she entered Shriver and Johnson with the girls. Chicago had been her birthplace and when Phillip's Avenue was crowded it seemed like a bit of old home. She gave Nora a portion of her dollar to purchase a few yards of flannel for the coming baby. This Eric half guessed or imagined as he stood by the stove reservoir. It was pretty bad he told himself, when a man could only give his wife and daughters a dollar and then they must spend even that for food.

Anna smiled over at him, "Christmas was all over Sioux Falls today," she said in that warm way she had of speaking. "Thanks so much, Eric, for the trip."

The chimney was let down on the lantern and Eric took it off the reservoir. "Yeah," he answered, "That was all right." He opened the door, "Vell, you ladies had the trip anyway."

Ellen dressed for the outdoors and went to milk. The Mother left alone in the kitchen stood for a long while looking into the vast darkness of the night. A single light met her gaze. Only the prairie can catch the gleam of a neighbor's kerosene lamp, carry it over the miles and give it to another human eye. Anna Olson thought of the light of so many centuries ago, the star light which had shone over the hills of Bethlehem. The coming of the Christ Child had been proclaimed by that light.

Mother Olson turned from the window. The December 25, on the large calendar over the table her eye. Slowly she looked around her kitchen. Po and carrots boiled on the black lids of the stove. handle of the kitchen pump stood in mid-air, whi cupboard door was wide open revealing no stored goodies. There was nothing, nothing here to rela the date on the calendar. Surely, surely, there sh be more than this. Suddenly she placed the vege on the back of the stove and went out into the bule. She took the second lantern from its hook lit it.

Outside the coal shed the lantern's light flick over the sacks of fuel. Coal was bought in sacks not by the ton, and the big, black hunks wer precious as gold.

After supper Mother Olson had the living cozy and warm. The kerosene lamps had been and their chimneys washed until they shone. stood on the piano and one on the table. Both c soft light over the small Christmas tree with its tinsel and wax candles. At the foot of the tree lay little lamb with a broken leg and a tiny house, ments the girls had kept since childhood.

Eric sat by the stove with his bald head bent the Norwegian paper. Had his parents stayed in way would it all have been different? Eric wond His gaze fell upon his daughter, Ellen, who sat wr a letter to a sister. His wife stood by the piano looking for Christmas carols. "No," Eric thought, free country ever holds a man back, either he pro for his family or does not." Eric's deep blue eyes not seeing the print of his newspaper. Would it be this in the spring? Would he go dejected and be

o the fields and the soil fail to respond to his care
ause that was exactly what he feared? He looked
Anna once more. She sat before the piano reading
ud the words to "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem."
t then Nora and Bob knocked on the door and
re admitted with the usual shouts of "Come in."

'Well, Maw," Bob ejaculated, "You're really getting
kless, living in two rooms tonight."

'You know, Mom," Nora exclaimed, "Bob hitch-
ed to town today."

'Oh no!" her Mother echoed, "and to think we
le."

'I'll put that in my letter," Ellen said, "That's news."

Eric looked up from his paper. "Vell, walking cer-
nly isn't crowded," he surmized.

'Especially between here and town," Mother Olson
reed. "Come on and sing, Bob. You've still got
s of energy," She touched the keys and began to
y, "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem." "Come on
erybody," she invited.

Eventually they all drifted around the piano with
ic sitting beside his wife and the younger people
nding behind them. Carol after carol they sang,
errupted only by Eric replenishing the stove with
ore coal. They ended with the beautiful notes of
ilent Night, Holy Night." Then Eric sat once
ore over by the stove. The girls found chairs by the
le while their Mother still sat on the piano stool.
b went into his own apartment and the others sat
ently looking at the little tree.

It was Mother Olson who spoke first, "We have so
uch for which to thank God."

"Yes," Ellen murmured softly, "Christmas is truly
ly in the heart."

Nora and Eric gave consent by their silence. The
ory of Christmas was sufficient. It lingered in the
hoes of "Silent Night," in the little lamb with his
oken leg, in the hearts of those who sat listening
the coal shuffle down into the grates. The old carols
re the same. The reading of the Scripture and the
eating of the Lord's prayer would be the same. The
sence of the material was not profound or even
ssed as they had felt it might be.

Perhaps that was why none spoke or moved for a
v moments after Bob entered. He whistled "Jingle
lls" and carried Christmas boxes under his arm.
Vell, come on everybody," he invited, "come on and
your Christmas gifts."

Ellen came first, touching the gifts and reading the
mes. "Let's open them one by one and make them
t longer," she cried.

'Why, Bob!" Mother Olson exclaimed as she left
piano stool to join the young people around the
e, "how could you ever buy gifts?"

"He took the $3.00 he earned last week when he and Pa put hay in the barn, hitched-hiked into town and bought them," Nora explained. She was very proud of her young husband.

None heard Eric as he clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth, once or twice. They all had to eat between now and the next harvest. How soon would Bob see $3.00 again? Then suddenly Eric took the pipe from his mouth and leaned forward. A thought had come to him. Bob would never have spent his only wages had he not known that he would receive help if it were needed. Eric knew from whence the help would come. His wife and Ellen, they knew no fears or uncertainties. He must not doubt himself or the Lord. His family had faith in him and unconsciously by one act Bob had brought this home. Eric leaned back and put the pipe in his mouth, and out of its bowl the smoke curled through the air. In its haze Eric saw black, open soil ready for planting. Come Spring he could reckon his seed grain and sharpen his plow shares with hope once again.

Over at the tree the gifts were being opened.

"Now, Papa, you can open yours," Ellen demanded.

Eric roused himself from his thoughts of Spring and next year's crops. Why! he had forgotten the gifts.

After it was over the presents lay on the table with the tissue paper and string giving the added touch of Christmas. "It is time to light the candles," Mother Olson said softly. As was the custom she brought in a pail of water and set it by the tree. "We delegate you to watch it, Ellen," she announced.

They looked on in silence as she touched a match to each tiny candle. The Yule Tide season was here. Winter may be cold and Spring a long time coming but this—this was Christmas.

Then quietly Mother Olson reached for her worn Bible on the piano. She found chapter two of St. Luke. Before beginning to read she glanced up at her family. Nora and Bob were holding hands by the table. Ellen was watching the tree, her young profile beautiful against the evergreen. Eric had taken the pipe from his mouth and was leaning forward in his chair. He had heard this message every year, beginning long ago in another land and another language. The message of Christmas was indeed the universal message of hope.

Mother Olson began reading then, the passage which the girls had heard as many Christmases as years they were old. The candles flickered about the pine needles and the window shades held out the night as she read once again,

"And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed."

The Shepherd's Soliloquy

(Continued from page 5)

feeling that I should see the child. The other shepherds had been wrong.

Still, we had not heard the end of Him. Years later, a prophet arose out of Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, the very place from which the parents of the child had come. And His name was Jesus. He gathered many followers, and soon His followers were claiming that this Jesus was the child of whom the angels sang that night near Bethlehem. Who am I to argue with the disciples of a prophet?

Even so, I did not see Him. All I know is sheep, and a shepherd I had to remain. There is little time for a shepherd to go to seek out a prophet; I doubt if any did. So I had to live in the hope that He would return to the place of His birth, that one day He would surely come to Bethlehem, the place of His father David.

One day, the countryside was stirred again. He had not come to Bethlehem, but He had come to Jerusalem. It was the week of the Passover, and the first day of the week, this Jesus had ridden into Jerusalem like a triumphant king. Many claimed this was the Messiah, the savior of God's people. I knew it was now—or never.

I left my fellow shepherds, as they once left me. Going to the Holy City, I looked all over for Him, but where to find Him. Everyone was there for the Passover. Such a mob of people I had not seen since that night in Bethlehem. And everyone was talking about this Jesus, everyone knew of Him, but no one knew where to find Him. He taught in the temple, but when I went, He would not be there. He stayed in a village near Jerusalem, but so did thousands of others who had come to celebrate the great feast of their people. But, if He was really the Messiah, He soon would be proclaimed King of the Jews, and then all could find Him and see Him.

It was the day before the Sabbath, when my world caved in again. I awoke to rumors that this Jesus had been taken a prisoner, questioned by the Council, tried under Roman law before Pontius Pilate, and even at that moment was being led to the place of the skull—to be crucified. Lacking courage, I could not go to see.

And now, He is gone.

I did not see Him—but will I ever? They say He arose, but only His followers claim they saw Him. I did not, and will I ever? I am old. Soon I must die. Then will I see Him? Will He be in the abode of the dead, where I must go? I did not get to see Him in life; can it be I will see Him in death?

O God of Israel, the good shepherd of thy people, forgive me, that I did not see thy Son. If ever I may, let me see Him, of whom the angel spoke, that night long years ago.

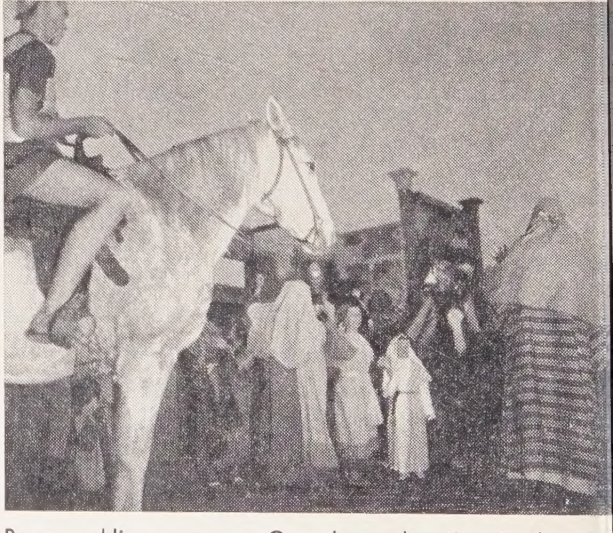
Bethleh

While no survey has been made, Emmanuel Lu an Church of North Hollywood, Erling Wold, pastor, claims to be the only church in Am owning a burro! Bernadette, who should have named Bernard, was purchased by the congreg to complete the cast for a unique Christmas present last year.

Thus, Emmanuel began the first of a contin series of annual outdoor Christmas pageants desi to help a busy holiday world remember the glor the Savior's birth.

Imagine an authentic Palestinian street scene thr ing with crowds of towns people recreated before eyes! Suddenly oblivious to the thousands of cars ing about the department store parking lot nearby, are held spellbound as four Roman soldiers on ga ing horses dash out through the city gates with a sage from Caesar! From the first stirring roll of dr to the final quiet invitation to worship at the Sav feet, you are transported for fifty minutes out world of material cares to become part of a journe Bethlehem.

Using many techniques of effective staging, technicians direct the activities of sixty authenti garbed members of the cast and eight animals. F a radio control tower behind bleachers for 800 specta a director (Tom Bond of KTTV, Channel 11, L. issues orders to three backstage set directors with h phones, four operators on the floodlights and spots,



Roman soldiers announce Caesar's proclamation in the ope scene of North Hollywood's Christmas pageant.

ames Alive in Hollywood

sound director. He cues the entire operation to split-ond timing with the previously taped script, written the pastor's wife, Margaret Wold.

Interesting backstage features are the separate corrals ilt for Bernadette, the four horses, and three sheep; e "cowboy" who comes nightly to stay with them; d the tension produced at each performance when rnadette decides to balk on his midnight entry into e sleeping city!

This $35,000 production is made possible by gifts d purchases of complete sets and other materials from rious TV and movie studios, prop companies, and stume rental agencies. Professional technicians donate ne to operate the equipment, paint sets, install wiring, d make costumes. Most of these are members of the ngregation. Since no charge at all is made for the rformances (not even a free-will offering!) which are ven as a Christmas gift to the community, several evision shows give it free publicity.

The uniqueness of this outdoor production caused to rate a paragraph in last year's Christmas cover ory in *Time* magazine and brought photographers om many other publications.

Since the climate and topography of Southern Cali-rnia is very similar to that of Palestine itself, it is a ost suitable place for the nativity story to be re-enacted. his year an expected audience of 6000 persons will tend the seven pre-Christmas performances at Em-anuel.

A dramatic scene from the North Hollywood Christmas pageant is this discussion between the Innkeeper and his wife concerning the possibility of accommodations for Mary and Joseph.

e shepherds hear the announcement of the birth of a Savior and e song of the angels.

Joseph and Mary are made comfortable in their quarters in the stable near the Inn.

Christmas in Poetry

THE INNKEEPER AND I

There was a stranger at the door that night
And there was need of warmth and candlelight
And kindly service in the wintry gloom,
But there were other guests—there was no room

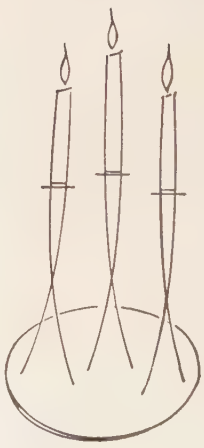
How easy to condemn the unseeing eyes
Of one, hard-pressed, who failed to recognize
That heaven itself stood suppliant at his door
And he could have been blest forevermore.

Let me not scorn the keeper of the inn
Till I have rid myself of harbored sin,
Have bidden fault and selfishness depart
And placed Christ in the guest room of my hear

MAUDE LUDINGTON CAIN

HOLD FAST THE DAY

We may lose many things through life's swift passing:
Our dreams, it may be, or perhaps our fears,
But let us keep one day apart as precious:
One special day to cherish through the years.
Let us keep Christmas and its hours, holy,
Keep it a time of laughter and delight,
A vital day made vivid with its meaning,
And with its message of the stars at night.



There is a call across the years to mankind
To heed the meaning of this day of days,
Bidding us pause and take the road together
That converges to one point from many ways.
Whatever land or city is our dwelling
The little town of Bethlehem calls clear
Its welcome to the pilgrims on earth's highroad
To "Come and find the Christ Child cradled here."
Oh, let us go before the night is past—
A world united at Christ's feet at last.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

The Hom

A

Above: Oberndorf, the home of Silent Night, has kept up its reputation as a musical town. Horn players are numerous and impromptu concerts are heard often in the town square.

Above: The old school room where the Franz Gruber taught more than a century ago has been slightly modernized but is still in use today.

Below: Standing in the memorial chapel of the church dedicated to the creators of Silent Night, young residents of Oberndorf sing the famous carol.

Like all other songs, *Silent Night,* the We world's best known Christmas carol, has a h It is the little town of Oberndorf, tucked away ir Austrian Tyrol, where the hymn was composed first sung in 1818.

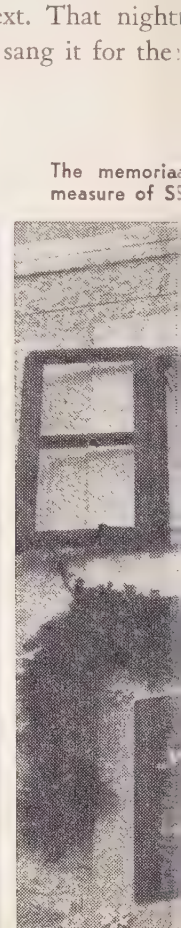
The words were written by the 26-year-old assi priest, Father Joseph Mohr. The young priest was guest in a home of a parishioner that Christmas On his way home he paused for momentary medit on the crest of a hill overlooking the village.

The silence of the night, the starry splendor of winter sky and the murmur of the Salzach River below thrilled his soul. Quickly he descended to parish house and late that night began to write. It four o'clock on Christmas morning when he fini the lines of *Stille Nacht.*

That same morning he hurried to the home of F Gruber, the organist and choirmaster in the neigh ing town of Arnsdorf to give him a copy of the hy Later in the day Gruber came to Oberndorf with music he had composed for the text. That night two, together with the parish choir, sang it for the

The Franz Gruber memorial window.

The memoria measure of S



lent Night

Lions

me in the village Christmas festival. Gruber accom-anied the singing on a guitar since the organ had oken down and could not be used.

It is quite possible the carol might have passed into blivion except for the fact that Karl Mauracher of illerthal, who came to repair the Oberndorf organ, eard it sung the following day by the priest and ganist. Mauracher in turn publicized the hymn rough his travels and eventually it was written down d became a part of the hymnody of the Church.

Today Oberndorf is known primarily because it was e birthplace of *Silent Night*. The pictures on these ages show the ways in which the town continues to onor Joseph Mohr and Franz Gruber, the priest and e teacher who made them famous.

The words on the plaque pictured below are trans-ted:

Silent night, holy night!
Who composed this hymn divine?
"Mohr it was who wrote each line,
Gruber found my tune sublime,
Teacher together with priest!"

Above: Dressed in the traditional costume of the Tyrol, two village children pause on the threshold of the Mohr-Gruber memorial chapel.

Above: This is the village church where Joseph Mohr was the pastor. The tower alone remains of the original structure.

om the opening the church wall.

The Joseph Mohr memorial window.

Below: 110 years after the composition of the hymn, this memorial chapel was built in Oberndorf. Thousands of travellers visit the town annually.

Editorial...

A Church in Transition

he question this editorial poses and attempts to answer is this: Granted the circumstances outlined in last week's editorial, how has the Church in general and The Evangelical Lutheran Church in particular fared? The answer is found in an examination of *A Church in Transition.*

Our Church encountered the "Decades of Destiny" as a fairly stable (not to say crystallized) and rather simple organization. During the years since the union of 1917 its "post-union jitters" had pretty well subsided and it was a united body. Territorially it had consolidated its position and was a power in the Upper Midwest, with about 85 per cent of its membership concentrated in a solid six-state area. In membership it had begun to grow rapidly, after many years of practically no growth. Financially, the Church was not in the best shape but was finally beginning to face reality.

Sociologically, we were inclined to be quite well satisfied with ourselves, content to remain as we were—with, however, faint stirrings in the direction of a greater awareness of our place in American life. We still carried a foreign name, we were still very much rural, and our contacts with the great stream of American and world Protestantism were at best tenuous—we might meet, but we certainly did not embrace. Theologically, the break into contact with the outside world had begun —but few of us were aware of it.

All in all, it was a comfortable existence. As one now looks back, these seem to have been—selfishly—"the good old days." I remember vividly the stinging criticism one of our most prophetic leaders leveled at the new editor: "The trouble with you is that you think the church body is a perfect organization which must be kept the way it is. It isn't!" How right he was—on both counts! Nor was the editor an anachronism. On the contrary, his contemporaries, who had favored his election, considered him a rather forward-looking person, and some of his elders looked upon him as a dangerous radical.

And now, two decades later? One is tempted to say that any similarity between the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America of 1939 and The Evangelical Lutheran Church of 1960 is "purely coincidental," which is an obvious exaggeration. Great the changes nc theless are.

For twenty years we have been a Church in transi and we still are. That involves tension. It invo sometimes, the failure of minds to meet. It means tremism on both sides—one extreme holding back much, the other pressing forward too rapidly. result? Much of it is good; some of it very good. of it is not good; a little of it is very bad. But, g or bad, it is a Church in transition.

It is in physical matters that the Church, to its row, tends most easily to conform to the time in w it lives. This is a day when the Church is pop going with the stream, prosperous, optimistic. I no idea how much congregational building has done since the end of the war. It is stupendous, no say fantastic. Similarly, with congregational bud of a size no one dreamed of twenty years ago, the of a large and prosperous city congregation is becon larger and larger. Within the past year I have heard senior pastor of one of the largest say, "It takes so m time for me to run my staff that there isn't much t left for me to be either pastor or preacher." With m bership growing by leaps and bounds, is there danger that the congregation may degenerate int loose organization of many persons and much mo but with little stability and less understanding of nature of Christ's Church as the priesthood of all lievers?

In a somewhat different way, the maladies of a gregation in a time like ours are the maladies of church body. Having just emerged from several y of helping to draw up the documents which shall gov The American Lutheran Church, perhaps I am unc sensitive at this point. The fundamental questio whether so large a body can remain close to its gregations, sensitive to their desires, democratic in look—and at the same time do its job.

I believe it can, but it isn't going to be easy. I afraid that this is a case where "the world (mean secular society and civil government) is too much us." One sees the multiplication of staff in almost e area of the Church's work, and one wonders if are entering a time when all of church life is to on the basis, "Let headquarters do it." One sees rising cost of all this and the ever-increasing budge demands, and one wonders if we are approaching more the "taxation" attitude to giving to synod benevolences.

Let those who will dispute what has been written in
e last paragraphs. Bring proof, please, that I am
rong; then I will admit it with happiness and relief.
what has been written is correct, then we need to
ow it; and, before the day of transition is past, we
ed to correct what can be corrected.

One needs to tread cautiously when one approaches
e next area of transition and tension: the *theological.*
n one point, however, one may speak with no fear
being contradicted: the theological climate at our
minary has changed more radically during these
cades of destiny than in all the decades preceding
em—going way back to the day the Norwegian im-
igrants sent their theological students to St. Louis.

It is difficult to say when it began; some have said
30, which I believe is putting it somewhat early.
Whenever it did begin, it was at first a rather gradual
rocess which picked up speed after the war. Time was
hen our seminary lived an isolated existence. In my
ay, for example, in dogmatic theology, white was
hite and black was black. It was simple enough to
ifferentiate between "the good guys" and "the bad
uys." Our approach to doctrinal problems was, to put
mildly, uncritical, if not naive.

Changes in the faculty, the influx of post-service
udents, more contact with other seminaries, Lutheran
nd non-Lutheran, account for a completely different
climate" on the campus today. Let it be made plain
at I am not stating that there was or is heresy in-
olved. All I am saying is that the climate has changed
nd that this change is a part of the Church in Transi-
on.

I believe there is some peril involved. One phase
that there is a sort of intellectualism connected with
eological education now which is not in all cases
onducive to preparing men for the parish ministry.
nother phase is that sometimes immature students con-
ey quite incorrect impressions when they first try
eir wings in the ministry. It sums up to the real dan-
er of Church and seminary getting out of step with
ch other.

That leads us to the third area of tension and transi-
on which I want to mention—the *spiritual.* It does
ot take a great deal of acumen to realize that the two
rmer are inseparably connected with the latter. In
ct, there is an inter-play here among the three which
ally characterizes the entire life of the Church.

How does one measure the spiritual life of much
ver a million human souls grouped into more than
600 congregations? One doesn't, of course. One does
ok at outward indications of what one hopefully as-
mes are signs of spiritual life, but beyond that one
nnot go.

Here, too, we see a church in transition. The outward indications are, by and large, good: growing congregations, increasing church attendance, more and better attended services of Holy Communion, more mature giving of money, augmented interest in lay participation in the life of the congregations and the church at large.

But the tension remains. It expresses itself in a praiseworthy self-criticism and an unease concerning a good many things which most of us have taken for granted. I have never known a time when so many pastors are striving so hard to improve their fitness to carry out their ministry. Nor have I ever witnessed as much criticism among pastors—directed at themselves and at the church body—most of it considered and constructive.

True, there are elements which I fear. We do have some extremists in various directions. I am not convinced that the pre-occupation with liturgy which continues to characterize a few pastors and congregations is altogether wholesome. What should be a *means* too readily becomes an *end.* The introduction of the *Service Book and Hymnal* should give us a measure of both balance and uniformity at this point; I hope it will.

There is also a tendency in some quarters toward a sort of "Lutheran Fundamentalism" which bears critical watching. In part it is a natural outgrowth of that tremendous stream of emphasis on the subjective and evangelistic which has persisted in our history since Norwegians first set foot on American soil. Were that stream to be dammed up, we would have lost something essential which could never be replaced.

What troubles many is that it is so easy for this spiritual emphasis to take upon itself characteristics which are actually foreign to it. In part, this is due to contact with the Fundamentalism of the so-called "Reformed" Churches of America. Much good can be learned from them, but they are, after all, not Lutheran in their view of either Word or Sacrament. In part it is also a reaction to the changed theological climate, which it instinctively fears. Carried to its extreme, these perversions of emphasis could result in a legalistic "holiness movement" far, far removed from the Haugeanism which gave the movement birth among us.

•

All this adds up to The Evangelical Lutheran Church, in the eyes of this observer, on the eve of its rebirth as part of a great new fellowship. A living, pulsating organism, at grips with tensions and problems, striving toward a God-pleasing solution. In the new fellowship it will encounter two other Churches—each with its own tensions. In harmony of heart and mind, while the tensions will persist, a Church stronger than any of its components will emerge.—O.G.M.

The 'King' Is Restored

By Jerry Even

Throughout The American Lutheran Church the Year of Jubilee is being announced and proclaimed by the ancient ram's horn.

This is a stirring symbol for this year. But what instrument will sustain and continually inspire the Christian in his worship during the Year of Jubilee and for years to come?—the 'King of Instruments,' the pipe organ.

Organ builders are again designing and building instruments of praise that are consistent with the dynamic of the Christian faith. We are now emerging from a phase of organ building, in which, as E. Power Biggs aptly describes it, "the organ was toppled from its throne." Many organs have been built and are still being built that reflect the tone of the old theater organs, an instrument that was conceived as an imitation of the orchestra and capable of providing "background music."

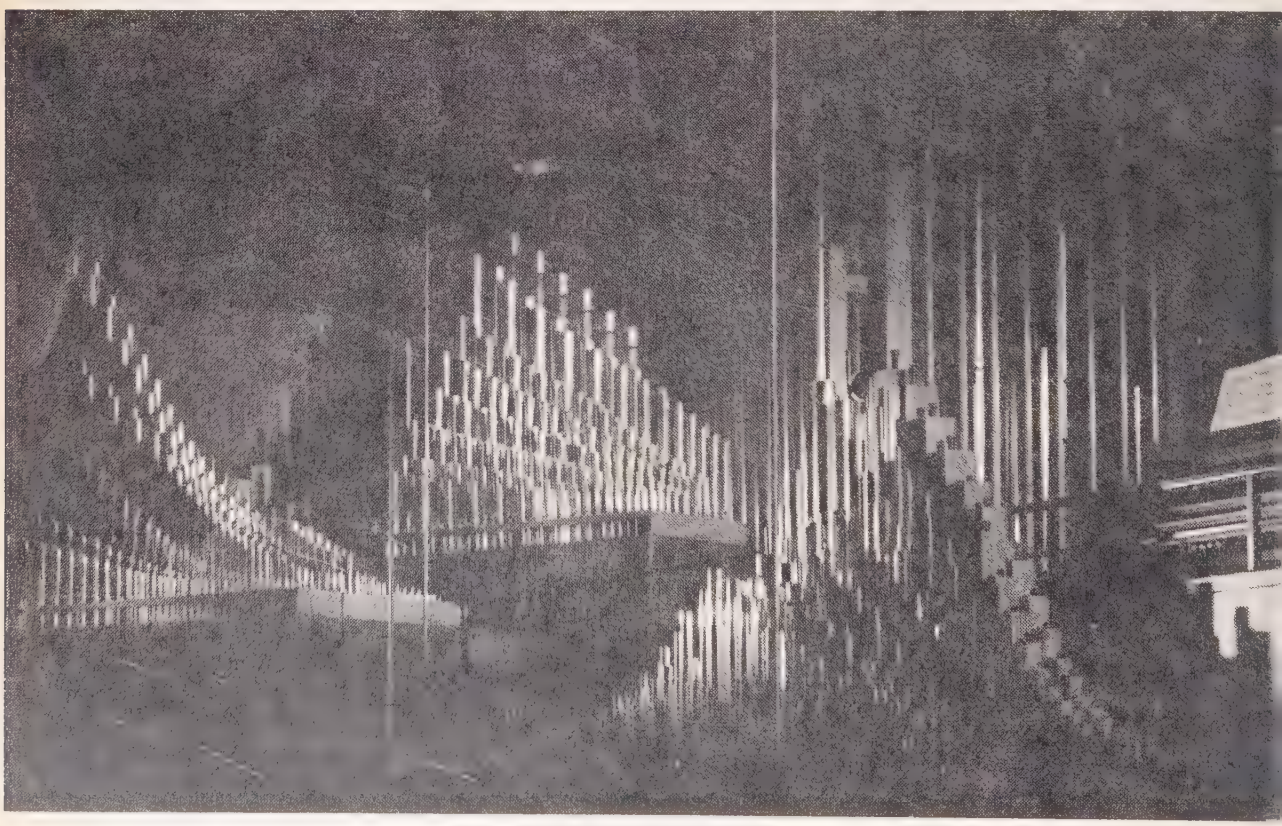
We are living in an age where we have "music to dream by," "music to eat by" and that same concept pushed the organ into a side corner of the church, the pipes enclosed in a chamber and hid by either dummy pipes or screens of cloth or metal that obstructed sound. If we were to be consistent we should h moved the pianos of our living room into the clo

Today, the pipe organ is again becoming The K of Instruments and it is rightly in the church wh this art is flourishing. The most evident manifestat of this renaissance in organ building is the placem of the pipes. More and more builders are including standing divisions in the pipe organs where the pi can be seen and the music from them is not obstruc by enclosures.

The photograph below of the organ recently insta at Grace Lutheran Church, Eau Claire, Wiscon clearly shows what is now being done.

The instrument is located in the balcony of church with one section of the organ cantilevered over the nave and suspended from the ceiling. Beca of this placement, it is possible for the builder to c struct and scale the pipes so that with less wind p sure the music may sound freely into the nave of church.

The "king of instruments" is back on its throne.



Nativity

Freedom From Pain

There is a legend in our circles of an old lady who pon hearing that the daughter of a friend had become n anesthetist exclaimed with compassion, "Isn't that rrible, and her parents are such good Christians." theism and anesthetism—they seem miles apart. The jection of God and the elimination of pain, what does e one have to do with the other?

And yet is not the peril of our culture less atheism even agnosticism than our growing insistence that fe must be pain-free, that the smooth is the good, and at anguish is to be avoided at all costs? We hail pain-ee dentistry, pain-free childbirth, and pain-free public lations. We emphasize that our giving need not be sociated with sacrifice, that it can, in fact, be to our nmediate advantage.

Vinegar and Gall

Now, no one would consider the painful good in self. The history of mankind is the chronicle of the imination of pain. Even in antiquity there were pain-illers and sedatives. The sponge soaked in wine (vine-ar) and gall which was held up to the lips of Jesus n the cross was a rather common anodyne. It is re-rred to by all four of the evangelists and none of em feels the necessity of explaining its use. Laudanum, hloroform, ether, and hundreds of synthesized pain-illers testify to man's gradual conquest of discomfort.

Pain is not good, but some good things cannot be chieved without it. It is hence useful not only to seek eliminate suffering, but to learn to accept it in those tuations where to reject it is to reject the good.

Painful Childbirth

There is a great deal of discussion these days about ain-free childbirth. Even the psychoanalysts are com-enting on the therapeutic value of pain for the West-ernized personality. I am not competent to discuss this. But I would like to raise the question about the effect of childbirth not on the mother but on the child.

The mind is capable of forgetting shock, and babies presumably do not remember the horrors of birth. We can, nevertheless, assume that for the child being born is a kind of catastrophe. It is an exodus into the estrangement of the wilderness. If we are to believe the specialists in this area—and I have no reason to distrust them—much emotional scarring which manifests itself in adult life occurs in the volcanic experience of babyhood.

Blue Comforter

It is perhaps wise to cover some of this with a baby blue veil. Birth is a happy event and once the resistance and pain are over, we hurry to affirm our gladness. But even gladness had best be nourished on truth. The festivity which surrounds a happy birth should not reject as uncharitable the drama from which it emerged.

Similarly, the joy of Christ's nativity must retain as its somber foil the anguish of humiliation. It was not a lark for Him to be born into our humanity. It was not without pain. And our rebirth into Him is not a game. To be born and to be born again—and this is the motif of Christmas—is to be pushed into death and dying. That is why in our Christmas celebration we might profitably recover the shadow of Herod over Bethlehem and the wild flight to Egypt and the Magi slipping home over the back roads. Without this dark sky the star of the nativity becomes something cut from foil.

For the Family Altar

J. R. Heste

Toward New Year's Day

Time Is a Tea

The Lesson: Joshua 24:14-24 • The Gospel: Luke 2:21

Monday, December 26

TRANSIENCY

I Chronicles 29:15

For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as all our fathers were; our days on earth are like a shadow, and there is no abiding.

The passing of time is a plain reminder of our transiency. Time never stands still. Our earthly existence is measured in terms of time, and as time passes, we also pass the days of our life. The aged always look back and remark how swiftly the days of their years went by. Mothers and fathers, while in the midst of rearing their children, have little time to reflect upon the passage of time, but when the children have grown up and left home, they wonder at how quickly that wonderful experience came to a close. Transiency is a real fact of life, and one that compels sober thought. It teaches us that here we have no abiding.

Gracious Father, as we mark again the closing of a year and the opening of another, we thank You that while we are children of time, we have been redeemed from its prison, in Christ. Amen.

+

Tuesday, December 27

HE WAS THERE

I Samuel 7:12

Then Samuel took a stone and set it up between Mizpah and Jeshanah, and called its name Ebenezer, for he said, "Hitherto the Lord has helped us."

For the believer, the end of the year is a time of reflection. In retrospect he sees that God has been with him. When we look back over the year we see the blessings we have enjoyed, and we are thankful. Perhaps we see the trials that came our way, the sorrow we were asked to endure, the difficulty we had to face. But even then we can see how God was with us to give us of His strength, and to sustain us with the comfort of His Word. What has past has become a memory, and if we hold firm to God in the faith, God also becomes "set up as a stone," a real part of our experience. "Hitherto the Lord has helped us."

Constantly, O God. You prove Your faithfulness. You are with us in all our experiences. Fill our hearts with true thanksgiving, and continue to abide with us. Amen.

+

Wednesday, December 28

THE PROSPECT

Deuteronomy 31:6

"Be strong and of good courage, not fear or be in dread of them; for is the Lord your God who goes with he will not fail you or forsake you."

These were the words of Moses to children of Israel when he spoke to about their going over the Jordan the land of Canaan. This venture not going to be simple; it was to b invasion of a hostile land. It would quire courage and faith. But Moses minded them that God would be them; He would go with them into venture. Then Moses reminded them the faithfulness of God. Our Can the coming year, is also a venture, we know not what it will bring in t of joy or sorrow. But we can go for in confidence because we have the as ance that God will be with us.

You alone, dear Father, know is in store for us in the days tha ahead. Keep us reliant upon You, obedient to Your Word, and all be well. Amen.

+

Thursday, December 29

A SERVANT

Genesis 32:26

But Jacob said, "I will not let you go unless you bless me."

This is the demand Jacob made of the angel, with whom he was wrestling. In our contention with the passage of time, we also should make the same demand; and of course, the outcome of the demand will rest with ourselves. If we value time we will insist that the best possible use be made of it; we will be good stewards of our transiency. There is much work to be done if we value life. The accomplishment of our plans is best assured if we organize ourselves in relation to time. Time wasted is a regret and no blessing; time used well is a blessing. Always to be remembered is the fact that one of the talents God gives to each of us is the talent of time. Time used well honors God.

I need not be the servant of time, O Father, I can compel time to serve me. Help me to be a worthy steward of days, that I shall have the joy of accomplishment. Amen.

+

Friday, December 30

IN GOD'S HAND

Psalm 31:14-15

But I trust in thee, O Lord, I say, "Thou art my God." My times are in thy hand.

There is a resignation that should belong to those who are believers in God. It is the teaching that our times, the times of the church, the times of our families, the times of our personal lives, are in God's hands. How good it is to rest in that assurance. We are happy for the opportunity to live, to enjoy the blessings of life, and to have good things to do and worthy service to render, so long as it is the will of God that we continue to live. And, we are also content to say that if it is in God's plan that we shall be called forth from this transiency, it is well. For by our faith we commit ourselves into His keeping.

You are the Ruler of life, dear God, and the Watcher over my times. Let me so live and believe that whether I am to remain here or be called home, I am still with You. Amen.

+

Saturday, December 31

ETERNITY

Isaiah 63:16

Thou, O Lord, art our Father, Redeemer from of old is thy name.

Time is the exact opposite of eter All things in time pass away. As live to grow old we see our own acqu tances leaving us, one by one. Time b change, it brings decay. God stands a all the ravages of time, ever the same eternal. It is of great comfort to be in this eternal God who has stood in midst of every believing generation; ge ations have come and gone; men lived and died, but God remains the same. As we reflect upon the pas of time, how good it is to anchor hopes in that which is unchanging. cause we have this hope, eternity also ters into our experience, for we belon God.

We pray, gracious Father, that will ever abide with us. For in abiding is our life, our hope and our vation. In the Name of Jesus we p Amen.

Correspondence

lutterites Defended

We notice in the November 15 is-e of LUTHERAN HERALD that you have scussed a legal problem with respect the Hutterites in Montana. I do lieve that there is a great deal of ntroversy raging in Montana at the esent time regarding this sect, and e have no question but that this oup has a substantial reluctance to y taxes. On the other hand, I think at your statement, "The Hutterites ve frugally, at bare subsistence vels," is a bit unfair, and we refer u to an article in the *Billings Gazette* July 29, 1960, which seems to have veloped in a sensitive way the ilosophy and life of these people.

You are perfectly correct in stating at the hostility directed toward these ople is related to the economic com-tition which they offer to individual rmers.

It seems to me that our American ay of life has always been able to lerate differences. For example, we ave accepted the pacificism of our uaker brethren without too much stility on our part. I do think that e should ferret out very carefully the otivation of our criticism of this oup.

FRANK ERICKSON
Helena, Mont.

he Most Important

In the September 27th issue of the UTHERAN HERALD Dr. Conrad M. hompson had an article entitled "If e Light Is Darkness." I feel a deep esire in my heart to thank both God nd Dr. Thompson for this article. He uches that which is the most impor-nt in our church. After nearly a fetime as a pastor in the ELC I feel there seems to be a thinning out of iritual life in our congregations," as e says. We are so taken up with the any activities in our church that we eglect to a great extent to seek to eepen the spiritual life of its members. lany of our people mistake religiosity r true Christianity and we pastors and thers take too much for granted. The depravity of man, the awfulness of sin, true repentance from sin, and a living, personal faith in Jesus Christ are not emphasized much in our day. Morality takes the place of Christianity, it seems. Our church members appear to be more worldly now than in years past and these people often decide matters both in the congregation and elsewhere. The fruits of faith are very meager. Rituals are crowding out the preaching of the Word at our public worship and the prayer groups are getting smaller.

May God anoint our many faithful pastors, evangelists and others with courage and power.

NILS KLUNGTVEDT
Radcliffe, Iowa

"God Help Us"

► Recently it was my privilege to speak at Dakota Lutheran Academy in Minot, N. Dak. I found an earnest group of students and a dedicated group of men and women on the staff. Since there has been a suggestion that this school close its doors, I wish to plead for its continued existence. Dakota Lutheran ministers in a comparatively sparsely settled area, Western North Dakota and Montana. So we would scarcely expect a very large student body. However, the school will grow as an increasing number of parents come to see for themselves how dangerous it is to send their children away from home to high schools where there is no supervision of the rooms rented by these students. In such conditions there is no discipline and the gravest dangers confront these young folks.

Dakota Lutheran Academy is a school that has sprung forth from the grass roots, so to speak. Earnest Christian lay people want the school. And surely in the region surrounding Minot there are few institutions that receive aid from our Church body. In this day of emphasis on externals, such as endowments, expensive buildings, and educational degrees, maybe God wants to teach us that His ways are not ours.

As one who has deeply loved his Church during 33 years in the ministry, I believe we need to support schools like Dakota Lutheran Academy, which is trying so hard, under God, to produce qualified, consecrated Christian young people having the power of the Lord Jesus Christ with which to combat an evil world.

If we destroy our Academies, then our Colleges and Seminaries will soon be filled with students who have danced all through their high school years. What then will happen to our Church and to our Lord's command "Love not the world"? God help us as a Church that the love of the Father may flood the hearts of us all, young and old.

(The Rev.) LEONARD C. MASTED
Dekalb, Ill.

Alcohol and Unity

► I wonder how many have read Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord's article that appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor?* I quote a few lines as follows: "Many Christians were stunned by the recent report of the joint commission on alcoholism headed by the Rt. Rev. Clarence Alfred Cole, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Upper South Carolina. This report avers that social drinking is compatible with Christian theology and that a Christian who drinks moderately, with due regard for the feelings of his fellowmen and with a conscientious care for the claims of God, can drink with thanks to Him for these blessings."

Why do we spend so much time seeking unity among the churches in the areas of faith and order when the things that divide us are much more obvious and, we think, more important?

Placing the stamp of approval on social drinking has done irreparable damage to closer relationship among our various communions and to the ecumenical movement in our day, whether raised by the World Council of Churches, the Catholic Church or United Council of Churches. It certainly shatters the effectiveness of missionaries on the field who have been embarrassed by the growing use of alcohol at home.

MRS. H. B. HENRICKSEN
Kalispell, Montana

50,000 CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Few people anywhere would care to exchange their Christmas parcel mailing list with that of the Norwegian Seamen's Mission in Bergen, Norway.

For some weeks now, the world's largest Lutheran seamen's agency has been feverishly engaged in dispatching thousands of individual Yule gift packages to its 31 stations in port cities near and far.

When December 25 arrives, it hopes to have one of its 110 staff members place a Christmas parcel with a personal message in the hands of every one of the 50,000 Norwegian seamen who will be spending the day with their ships, far from home.

One seaman in every five will be a boy not yet turned 19.

Sees Africa's Tension Threat to Peace

Anglican Bishop Richard Ambrose Reeves of Johannesburg, denouncing South Africa's racial segregation policies before the Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops in Dallas, Texas, warned that racial tensions in that country "may threaten the peace of the world."

South Africa, he told the bishops at their annual meeting, is "rapidly becoming the testing ground of the willingness of all white people over the world to make an end of racial discrimination which in the past has led to so much unnecessary injustice and suffering."

A vigorous foe of the South African government's apartheid (racial segregation) stand, Dr. Reeves was deported from Johannesburg last September by police. He went to England and later came to the U. S. for a month-long speaking tour.

"The international community," he cautioned, "cannot afford to allow the South African government to go on forever subordinating four-fifths of its population simply on the grounds of difference of color."

Dr. Reeves stressed that he considered it his "solemn duty to do all in my power to banish erroneous doctrines such as apartheid and to do everything possible to keep open the lines of communication between members of different racial groups."

He said the Christian Church's witness in racial relations "is continually being weakened by the fact that the practice of the Church in its own light frequently falls so far short of its words."

In an interview, Bishop Reeves described segregation as a "master heresy" and "worse than Communism." Christians who justify apartheid are "sick people," he asserted.

"My own judgment," he stated, "is that with such a large white population (in South Africa), you can't deal with them simply as whites. A solution in which the 11,800,000 blacks, colored and Indians and the 3,000,000 whites can learn to live together must be found."

Church Warned of Publicity Gimmicks

The Evangelical United Brethren Church's Council of Administration, in a formal statement, warned that the "Kingdom of God will no realized through advertising and licity gimmicks originating on M son Avenue."

"When our concern is souls ra than soap our motives must be v deeper and our methods and mate more selective," declared the state adopted at the council's annual m ing.

While noting that modern m of communication and public rela have "great worth" to the Chu the council cautioned that these be used "with care and wisdom.

"The motive of the Church ba ly," the statement continued, "is to promote programs and activiti to get the Church mentioned a tain number of times in newspa or on the air.

"The Church's basic purpose in disturbed and anxious period of man history is to reach men for Cl to help them to grow in the C tian life and to enable the transf ing power of the Holy Spirit t released through the Church into present-day social order."

—RNS

"GAS HOUSE GANG"—Self-styled the "Gas House Gang" members of one of Sunday school classes of Peachtree Baptist Church of Atlanta, Ga., meets in a nearby f station after being crowded out of the church facilities.

Among Lutherans

.C, Missouri Meet . . .

Discuss Relation to Church Confessions

Representatives of The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod and the National theran Council resumed formal conversations recently on theological issues volved in Lutheran Cooperative Activities.

Discussion at the second meeting of the two groups, held at St. Louis, Mo., v. 18-19, centered on "The Significance of Confessional Subscription," and lt with the traditional adherence of Lutheran Churches to the doctrinal tements contained in the Book of Concord.

As at the initial session of the church ders in Chicago last July 7-9, the loratory talks here dwelt on theo- ical considerations underlying pres- and possible future relations be- een the NLC and the Missouri iod.

Participants in the conference fo- sed major attention on the way in ich the various Lutheran church lies in America adhere to the Lu- ran Confessions as a correct exposi- n of the Word of God.

Part of the discussion concerned the ying emphasis which the bodies ce upon Confessions and the degree which they require their pastors to ept these writings as the basis of ir ministry.

"Substantial agreement" was reached h reference to (1) designation of Confessions which are included subscriptions; (2) assertion of histori- limitations in the Confessions; (3) owance of distinction between the mary norm of the confessions; (4) ognition that the heart of the Con- sions is their witness to the Gospel;) acknowledgement that this under- nding of the Gospel requires rejec- n of contradictory understandings; d (6) affirmation of the importance confessional subscription for the oclamation of the church.

Since there was "substantial agree- nt on the significance and nature of confessional subscription" further ks between The Lutheran Church— ssouri Synod and the National Lu- ran Council are being planned. The xt meeting has been tentatively set Aug. 1 and 2 in Chicago.

Scheduled for discussion at the next eting is the general topic "What id of cooperation is Possible in View the Discussions at This (St. Louis) eting?" Under the major topic the following subjects will be discussed: the relation of cooperation to Confessional agreement, the relation of witness to cooperation, and the extent of cooperation apart from pulpit and altar fellowship.

The committee also approved the publication of the four essays which were read at the two meetings thus far. The essays dealt with "The Unity of the Gospel" and "The Significance of Confessional Subscription." The published essays will be distributed to every Lutheran Pastor in America and they will also be made available to the public.

Two Spokesmen

Essayists who presented papers on the Lutheran confessions were, for the NLC, Dr. Theodore G. Tappert, professor of church history at Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, Pa., and, for the Missouri Synod, Prof. Herbert J. A. Bouman, professor of systematics at Concordia Theological Seminary in St. Louis.

Dr. Tappert was the editor and chief translator of the fourth and latest English edition of the Book of Concord, published last year by Muhlenberg Press. The other editions in English appeared in 1851, 1882, and 1921.

The Book of Concord is a compilation of the Confessional documents which forms the basis of the teaching and practice of Lutherans throughout the world. Best known of the documents included in the patristic writings are the three chief symbols of the Christian faith—Apostles' Creed, Nicene Creed and Athanasian Creed; Luther's Large and Small Catechism, and the Augsburg Confession and Apology, authored by Philip Melanchthon, close colleague of the Reformer.

Need for restudy of the problem by the NLC—Missouri Synod Conferees was acknowledged at their first session. According to the official minutes of the meeting, both groups stressed "the importance of avoiding caricatures of the positions and practices of various Lutheran bodies" on the question of their loyalty to the Lutheran confessions.

The rapprochement at both meetings has been an encouragement to future Lutheran relations in the United States.

Montana Lawyer in Taiwan Relief Post

Irving C. Pearson, a 40-year-old Montana lawyer and Lutheran layman, has been appointed director of Taiwan Church World Service, the relief and service agency of Protestant churches and missions in Taiwan.

He was named to the post by both Lutheran World Relief and Church World Service, relief agencies cooperating in the shipment of substantial quantities of food, clothing and medicine to Taiwan.

Mr. Pearson succeeds Mr. Barry Schuttler, who has been director of the program for the last two years.

The new director will supervise a program that reaches some 1,800,000 people. Distribution of about 30,000 tons of relief materials sent annually by LWR and CWS is through congregational committees, institutions, feeding stations and schools.

Taiwan is the only area in the world where a cooperative Protestant-Roman Catholic food program is in operation. Agencies of the two faiths distribute to the same people on alternate months.

Mr. Pearson, a member of the Augustana Lutheran Church, and his wife and three children—Andrew, 7, Jeffrey, 5, and Nancy, 3—left their Anaconda, Montana, home late in November and were scheduled to sail from San Francisco on Dec. 2 aboard the Gopher State.

The new relief director, who said he accepted the appointment after he and his wife decided to "do something about serving the church instead of just talking about it," has been in private law practice in Anaconda since 1951 and has been part owner of a real estate and insurance agency.

ULCA Studies Medical Ethics Practices

A United Lutheran Church in America study of medical and moral questions concerning birth control, artificial insemination, sterilization, therapeutic abortion and euthanasia has been launched by the denomination's Department of Social Action.

Entitled "Ethics of Medical Practice," the research project will culminate in a series of monographs by individual authors designed to "offer guidance to people as they work toward their own conclusions" on the issues, said the Rev. Rufus Cornelsen of New York, the department's director. The project has been under consideration for a year.

Meanwhile, the ULCA's Board of Social Missions has authorized the social action department to sponsor a consultation of experts to explore the possibility of a similar full-scale study of Church-State relations in the United States.

"There is a strong sense of need for some fundamental thinking and rethinking on this subject," said Pastor Cornelsen, because of what he termed confused thinking among Protestants and Roman Catholics.

"Though the study of medical ethics will have particular significance for physicians and others with professional responsibility for medical care," he said, "it also will be of considerable interest to the general public for whom many of the questions might be considered both pertinent and personal." Theologians, physicians and writers will work on the study, he added.

Pastor Cornelsen emphasized that the Church should clearly express itself on these matters "so that those who must daily wrestle with questions in these areas may reach their decisions with the benefit of the orientation and guideposts of the evangelical ethic."

Regarding the Church-State investigation, he said: "It is high time for our Church to apply itself most seriously to this question and offer whatever light it has by God's grace to its own members and the society in which they live.

Within the ELC

Camp Leaders to Meet

The Lutheran Bible Camping Association will hold its annual workshop at Luther Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., January 5-6, 1961.

The program will concentrate on the problem of "Camp Ownership" in the new American Lutheran Church. A broad display and discussion program will also be featured which will be of special interest to camp deans, camp directors, camp board members.

The Program will open at 3 P.M. Jan. 5 and close at noon Jan. 6.

Another Local Merger

Grace Lutheran Church, a brand new congregation in Elroy, Wis., clearly represents within itself the merger which forms The American Lutheran Church.

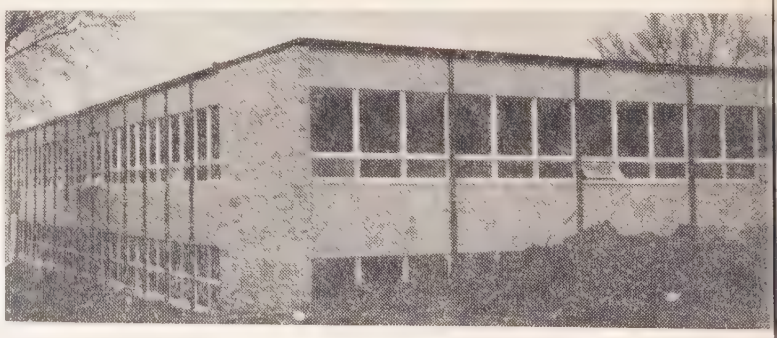
Grace Church is the result of the merger of two former congreg in Elroy, Wis.—Our Saviors Ch which belonged to the ELC, and Church, which belonged to the In order to make the merger p complete, the new pastor of the church is the Rev. Emil Ped pastor of the UELC.

He was installed on Septemb in the new merged parish. W services are being held at the f Peace Church and Sunday sch conducted at the former Our Sa Church.

People

Dr. Burton Ostenson, profess biology at Pacific Lutheran Univ Tacoma, Wash., recently left Point Hope, Alaska, where he gaged in an eight-month researc ect for the Atomic Energy Co sion.

NORTH DAKOTA SANCTUARY—Christ Church, Minot, N. Dak., the Rev. T. H. Meg pastor, recently dedicated its new church. The Rev. H. B. Kildahl, Jr., vice preside the North Dakota district, performed the dedicatory rites. The Rev. Arnold Lu former pastor, participated. The congregation, established in 1947 has a memb of 1,000.



PARISH UNIT ADDED—The new parish house of First Church, St. Ansgar, Ia. was ded in November by Dr. V. T. Jordahl, president of the South Central district. Included new $146,000 structure are 16 classrooms, a social hall, recreation center and k facilities. The Rev. Don R. Hamilton is pastor of the parish.

The Rev. F. E. Eikeland has re-ned as pastor of Immanuel Church, usau, Wis., because of failing lth. He has served the congrega-n since 1952.

The Rev. V. T. Tweet has resigned pastor of Sinai Church, Sinai, S. k., in order to accept the call to ome pastor of Hunter Avenue urch, Joliet, Ill., effective January 1.

The Rev. Donald J. Thorp has re-ned as pastor of the Epping-Whee-k parish in North Dakota in order accept the call to Carpio Church, rpio, N. Dak., effective January 1. will also be serving Hamerly urch, a rural congregation belong-to the Lutheran Free Church.

The Rev. Allan D. Hansen is being ned by his congregation, St. Olaf urch, Garden Grove, Calif., for a -month speaking tour in Nigeria. tor Hansen until recently a member the UELC, will be conducting con-nces for pastors, students, evangel-, and missionaries, during his stay Nigeria.

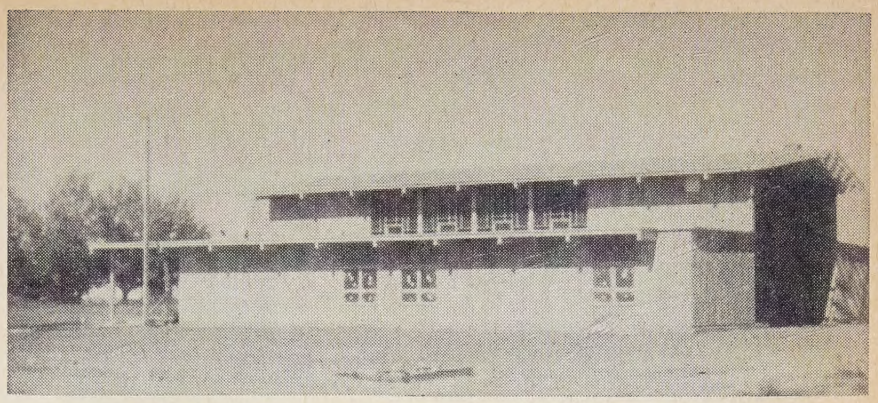
Churches

Oriska, N. Dakota—Minnie Lake urch here, the Rev. Irving E. Stang-d, pastor, recently held a service rededication for its renovated urch. Dr. L. E. Tallakson, president the North Dakota district, conduct-the rites.

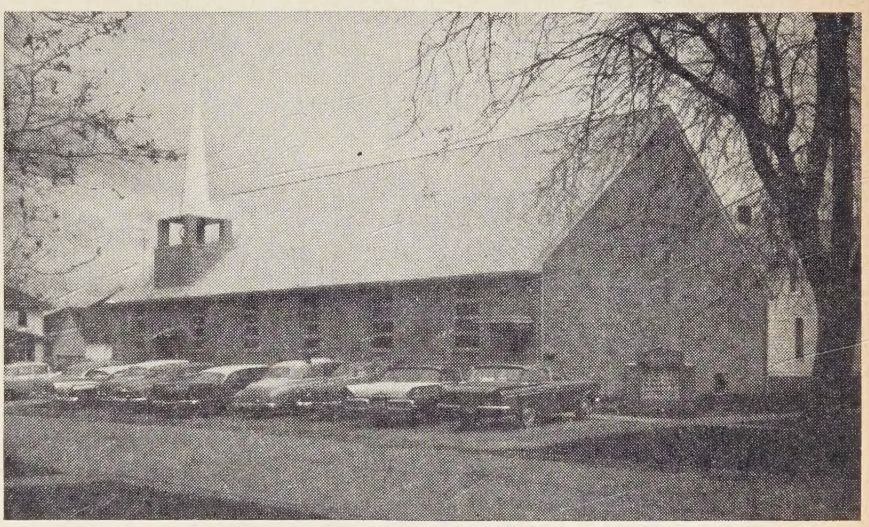
Victoria, B. C. — The Lutheran urch of the Cross, a home mission gregation here, dedicated its new urch on October 23. Dr. Mars A. le, president of the Canada District, ducted dedicatory rites assisted by tors from Vancouver, B. C. Formal anization of the congregation also k place at the morning service. 110 e received into charter membership. e Rev. V. E. Propp is the pastor.

Obituaries

The Rev. Otto Samuel, retired, died Oct. 12. He was born March 10, 7, in Germany. He studied at Ger-n universities and served in World r I. Afterward he served for 15 rs as a minister and evangelist in Evangelical Free Church. During rld War II he was sent from one centration camp to another but car-on evangelistic work among Jew-

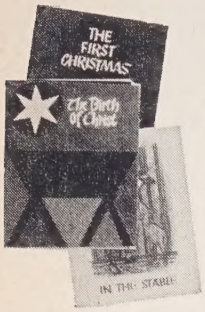


MONTANA CHURCH DEDICATED—Shown above is the new church dedicated on Reformation Sunday by Our Savior's Church, Laurel, Montana. Dr. R. A. Daehlin, president of the Rocky Mountain district, conducted dedicatory rites. Former pastors A. B. Cornelson, C. O. Anderson, and David Larson and a son of the congregation, the Rev. Lowell Anderson, participated in the festivities. The Rev. Robert D. Giles is the present pastor.



NEW IOWA CHURCH—Samuel Church, Eagle Grove, Iowa, was recently dedicated by Dr. V. T. Jordahl, president of the South Central district. The Rev. A. E. Distad and the Rev. B. F. Molstre, former pastors, brought messages. The Rev. Jordan T. Jacobsen is the present pastor.

Your money will accomplish great things for your Church through the . . .
GIFT ANNUITY PLAN
You invest and share your possessions. Your investment in the Church begins while you are living.
• The *income* benefits *you.*
• The *gift* benefits the ELC or any department or institution of your choice.
SAMPLE RATES:
Age | %
51 | 4%
60 | 4½%
70 | 5½%
75 | 6.3%
80 | 7.4%
Write also for information on "Wills, Gifts through Life Insurance, Memorial Gifts, and Special Gifts" suggestions.
Write for free booklet to:
THE ABIDING MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH
422 South Fifth Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

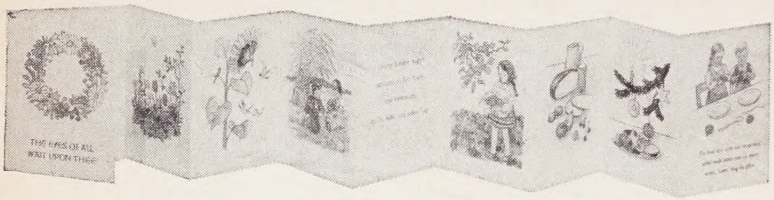


Pict-O-Ramas

(LM10) Creation
(LM11) Noah's Ark
(LM12) The Eyes of All Wait Upon Thee
(LM13) In The Stable
(LM14) The First Christmas
(LM15) Birth of Christ
(LM16) The Visit of The Wise Men
(LM17) Flight into Egypt

These accordion-fold booklets open to 27 inches. So colorful, they can be displayed in the home or child's room. The pictures tell the story, with a brief text included. 3-11/16x3.

10c each $1.10 a dozen



Information on the New Church

1961 YEAR BOOK OF THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN CHURCH

The 1961 Year Book is an excellent reference book on The American Lutheran Church.

Lists officers, boards, divisions, commissions, standing committees, districts, auxiliaries, clergymen.

Gives statistics of the church as a whole, and of individual congregations. Lists festivals and holidays.

Gives a calendar for each month, filled in with festival days, colors and Scripture references.

Gives pictures and biographical sketches of 1960 seminary graduates.

Gives budget and calendar of causes.

Relates "Lutheran Cooperation" and "Affiliate Churches."

$1.25 $12.50 a dozen

Augsburg Publishing House Minneapolis 15 Seattle 1

concentration camp to another bu... ried on evangelistic work among ... ish prisoners. He was able to co... the United States in 1941. He... ordained into the ELC in 1950... served under the National Luth... Council's Department of the Chr... Approach to the Jewish People, ... stationed in Brooklyn. He was ma... to Erna Schatz in 1928.

Want Ads

Rate $1.00 a line, minimum charge $4.0

For sale: Church Building Bonds, 5... terest, 10 yrs. maturity, $100 or $100... nominations, redeemable prior to matu... event of need or at option of church... Luth. Church of the Good Shepherd,... Burton St., Rockford, Ill.

For sale: 3-manual Wurlitzer pipe ... Available for sale Jan. 15. Anyone int... is invited to come down and hear the ... Price very reasonable. St. Olaf Luth. C... 2nd Ave. and 1st St. N. W., Austin, ...

Travel Abroad With Congenial Friends

Sail, Montreal, Cunard's "Saxo... June 2. Return TS "Bremen," Ju...

Your tour host - Rev. E. A. Ha...

48 days in Europe, including Engl... France, Italy, Switzerland, Liechtenst... Bavaria, Germany, Norway, Swe... Denmark. Travel via North Ger... Lloyd's TS "Bremen" and Cuna... "Saxonia."

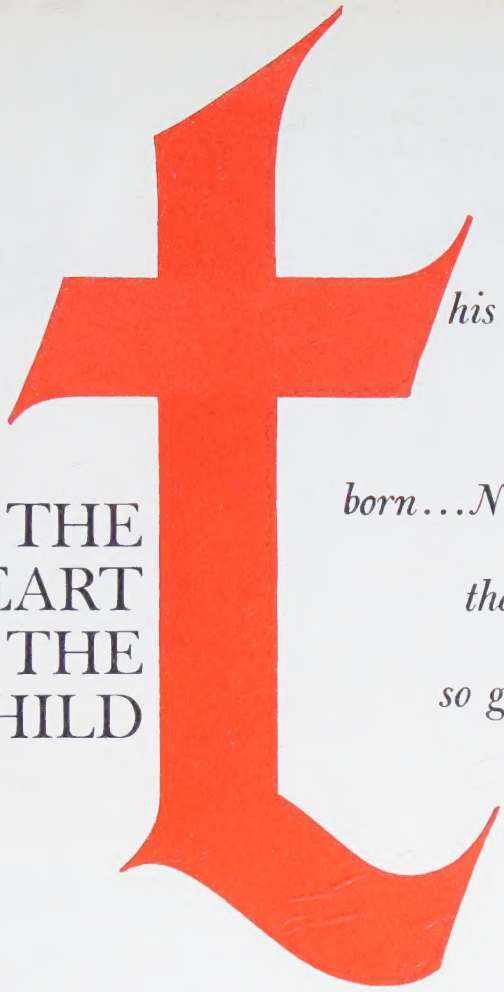
\+ +

For further details write College City ... Service, Stuart Hotel, Northfield, Mi... Rev. E. A. Hanff, Wykoff, Minn.

Checkerett...
COAT and HAT RA...
for every Church

A 4 ft. (S-4-CT) Checkerett... vides ventilated hat shelve... either 24 coat hangers or 3... hooks. A double (D-4-CT) Ch... ette of equal length accomm... 48 on hangers or 64 on hooks... can be set-up anywhere c... assembled in less than a r... without nuts, bolts or tools, ... stored like folding chairs, ... stand rigid for years. The ... Checkerette comes on large ... for easy movement when ... assembled. Checkerettes c... assembled "high" for robes o... ments, "normal" for adult wr... "low" for children. Check... Wall Racks come in 2, 3 an... lengths and will accommodat... 12 coats and hats per runnin... They are mounted on ... proper heights for ea... group. Write for Bul... showing these a... modern steel wardro...

VOGEL-PETERSON COMP...
Rt. 83 and Madison St. • Elmhu...
Available at Augsburg Publishing H...



THE HEART & THE CHILD

his child is sent to fill thine heart, and for no other reason is He born... No word can say nor understand that so small a thing should hold so great a treasure. Thus the great and wonderful sign is repeated and the heart is made sweet and glad and fearless, for it is at peace with all the suffering that may befall it. For what should cause it woe? Where the Child is, all will be well. The heart and the Child cannot be parted.

—MARTIN LUTHER from his sermon on the birth of Christ Christmas Day, 1520

LUTHERAN BROTHERHOOD Life Insurance

A legal reserve life insurance society • Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

LUTHERAN HERALD
426 South Fifth Street
Minneapolis 15, Minn.
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

S 6-61 A
PACIFIC LUTH THEOL
SEMINARY LIBRARY
2770 MARIN AVE
BERKELEY 8 CALIF

EIVIND BERGGRAV:

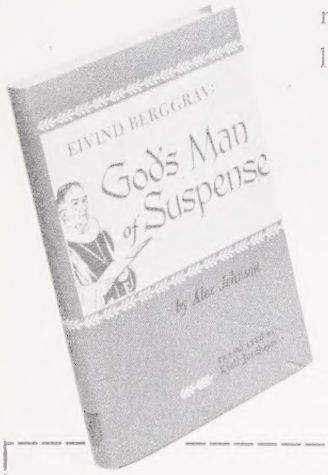
God's Man of Suspense

by Alex Johnson

translated from the Norwegian by Kjell Jordheim

Modern hero of the faith . . . symbol of resistance against tyranny . . . one of Christendom's most picturesque leaders—this is Eivind Berggrav, God's man of suspense.

As a theological student Berggrav lost his Christian faith, but regained it in a much stronger form, and rose to become bishop of Oslo, and primate of the Church of Norway during World War II. It was during this war that he became known world wide for his courageous leadership in the resistance movement against the Nazis. He was a journalist and editor much of his life, enjoyed a successful parish ministry and was a prison chaplain.



This book is a carefully considered analysis of a highly interesting and definitely complex Christian personality. The author's access to papers Bishop Berggrav left—collections of articles and newspaper clippings, unpublished memoirs of his childhood and youth, his visitation reports, and other manuscripts—add to the strength of this biography.

$3
Code

AUGSBURG PUBLISHING HOUSE
426 S. 5th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minn. • 1925 Third Avenue, Seattle 1, Wash.

_____ Eivind Berggrav: God's Man of Suspense, $3.50

Name_____

Address_____

I enclose $_____ Charge ☐